



CADILLACS & DINOSAURS

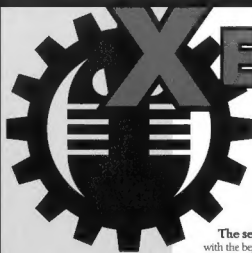
XENOZOIC TALES

#14

\$2.95
\$4.95 CAN.

by MARK
SCHULTZ





XENOZOIC tales

Past Collides with Future in the Xenozoic Age!

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First printing, October 1996

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♣ PRINTED IN CANADA

The seeds of the Cenozoic's cataclysmic demise were sown as early as the eighteenth century, with the beginnings of the Industrial Revolution. Once mankind started on that path, there was no turning back, and the fate of the Earth was sealed. By A.D. 1996, the series of seismic and climatic upheavals that would bring about the unprecedented fall of our current geologic era had already begun.

Although it was not until many years later that the enormous pattern underlying the global catastrophe was understood, and the unfortunate cause of it identified, by the early twenty-first century, mankind had begun its retreat from the increasingly inhospitable surface of the earth to the safety of vast subterranean shelters.

By A.D. 2020, the churning, spitting earth came to a boil. Sea roses, continents sank, billions died, and entire species were consumed. The few surviving humans huddled in their steel tombs and waited . . .

Five hundred years after it had sealed itself off, mankind returned to the daylight and was greeted by a radically altered world—a world that should not exist. Earth's fantastic new ecosystem was swarming with incredible life forms. The mighty dinosaur had returned, along with the woolly mammoth, the sail-backed dimetrodon, and a million other resurrected mysteries.

Now, come along on a voyage through beauty and terror and paradox. Come along and visit the Xenozoic Age . . .

Refugee Jack Tenrec has, through a combination of political savvy and brute force, begun building a fragile base of power in Wassoon. Much to Hannah's dismay, he and the deadly Lord Balclutha have formed an uneasy alliance. As they spar with the Lord Drumbheller over plans for military action against the City in the Sea, an unforeseen player enters the arena . . .



ANOTHER

SWARM

LOWER AWAY...
CAREFULLY!

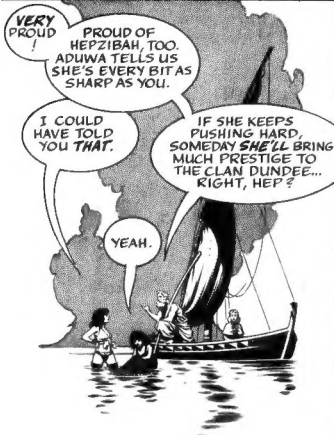
CAREFULLY!!

THE THING
WAS... *SICK*...
WHEN WE FOUND IT,
LORD DRUMHELLER.
MAYBE DYING. IT'S
HARD TO TELL.

ALWAYS
SOMETHING
NEW OUT OF
THE MARSHES,
EH?

W. H. HARRIS
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JUST COURT RUMORS, MOTHER. YOU KNOW HOW THE DRUMHELLERS ENJOY BACK-BITING...

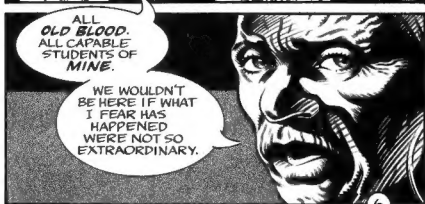
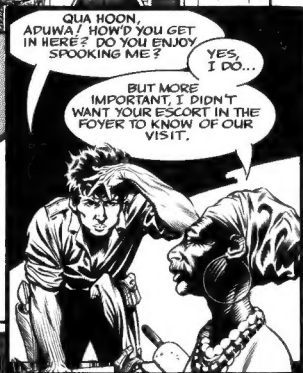
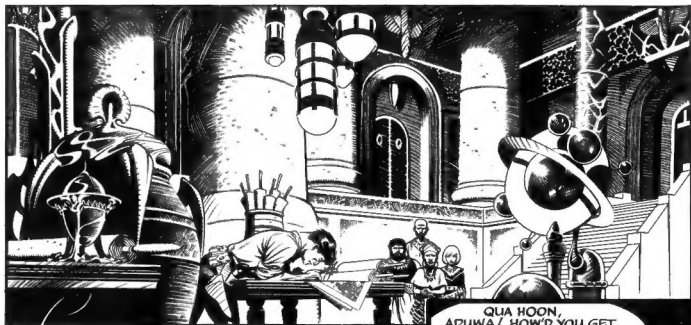
STOP THAT! I WILL NOT HAVE YOU TALKING LIKE THAT ABOUT OUR RULING CLAN!

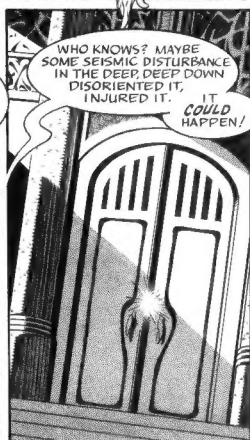
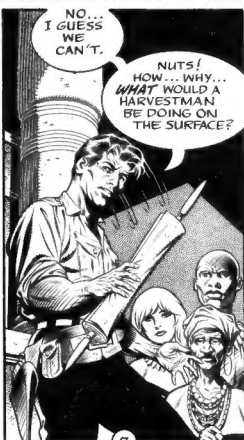
YOU OWE YOUR LIFE... YOUR CAREER... TO THE DRUMHELLERS!

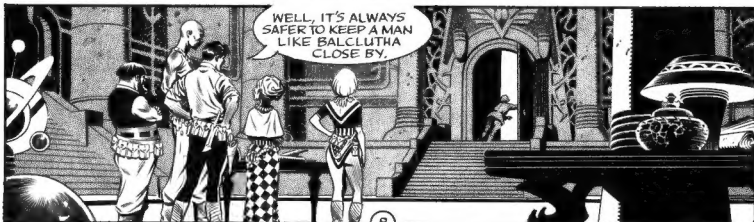
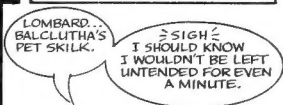
NEVER FORGET THAT YOU WERE NOTHING... WE WERE NOTHING BEFORE THEIR PATRONAGE! THINK OF OUR FUTURE IF NOT YOUR OWN!

THINK OF YOUR SISTER!













WE ALL
READY?

BALCLUTHA, HANNAH...
THIS IS AN OLD BLOOD
MATTER, BUT TEAREC
HAS TAKEN IT UPON
HIMSELF TO INVITE
YOU ALONG.

I WON'T TOLERATE
ANY WILLFUL ESCAPADES
OR INDISCRETIONS DOWN
THERE, AND I HOPE YOU BOTH
REALIZE WHAT IT WOULD
MEAN TO BETRAY THE
MACHINATIO VITAE...

LET'S
GO,
ADUWA.

NO NEED
TO LECTURE,
STEP TOE.



THIS
PASSAGE
INTO THE
PITS IS
KNOWN TO
ONLY THE
OLD
BLOODS.

WE GIVE UP
A GREAT DEAL
BY REVEALING
IT.



WE'LL BE PASSING THROUGH THE
SLAUGHTERHOUSE, THE RENDERING WORKS
AND THE STOCKYARDS. WE'LL HAVE
TO MOVE FAST TO STAY AHEAD
OF ANY ALARMS.



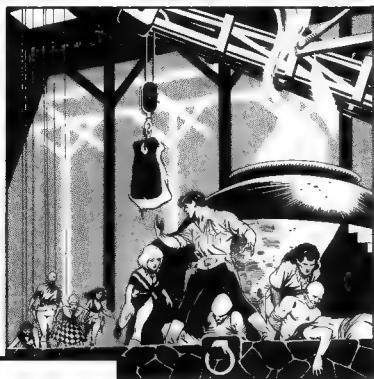
IF WHAT I FEAR IS
TRUE, THEN IT WON'T MATTER IF
WE GET CAUGHT INSIDE THE SECURITY
AREA. WHAT WE FIND WILL PUT US
BEYOND DRUMHELLER'S
AUTHORITY.

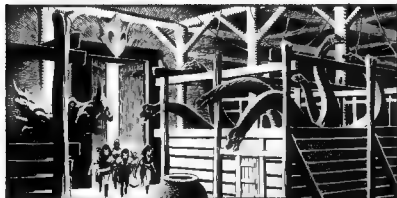


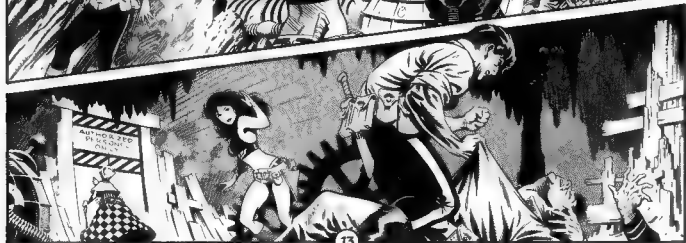
AND IF
YOUR FEAR IS
UNFOUNDED
?

THEN
I GUESS YOUR CAREER
IS RUINED.

GET READY...
WE'RE ENTERING
THE
SLAUGHTERHOUSE







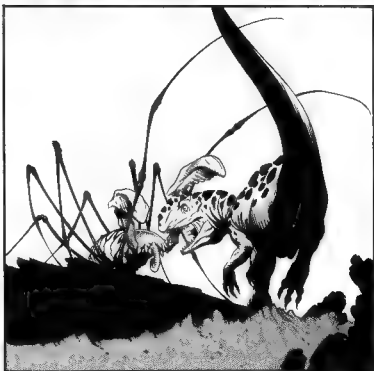
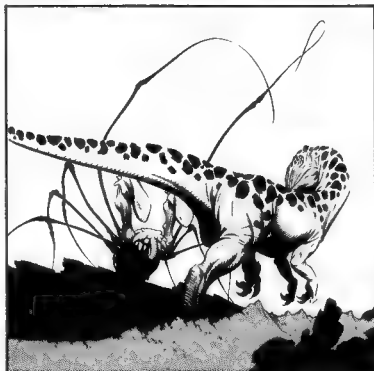
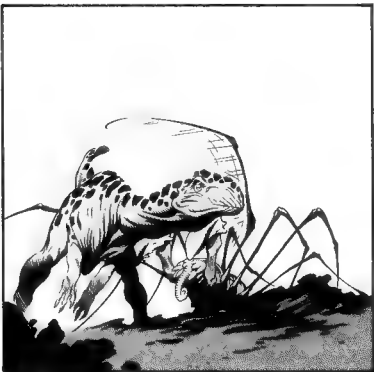


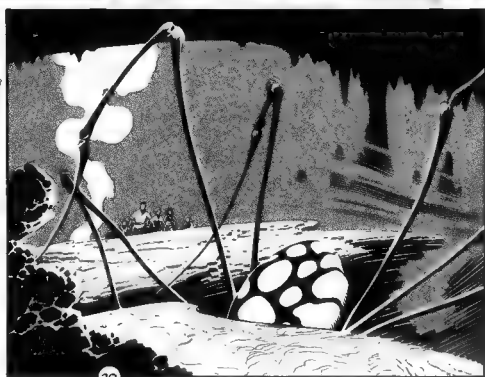
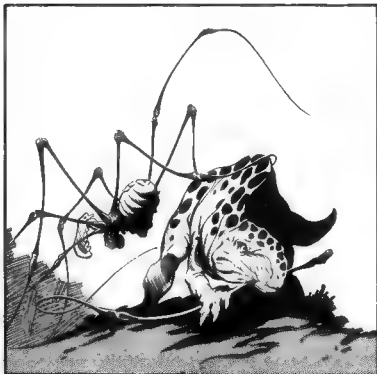
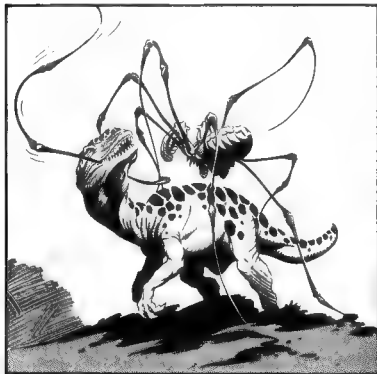


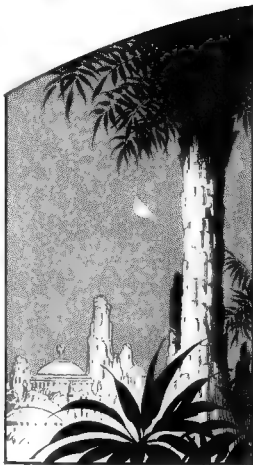














THE LOW ROAD HOME



XENOZOIC EXPRESS

c/o Kitchen Sink Press
320 Riverside Drive
Northampton, MA 01060

Late breaking bulletin!

Low-tech XenoZoo Tales roars into high-tech cyberspace! Get all the inside poop at our new website at

<http://www.xenozoic.com/welcome/x14>

For this issue only, we have decided to devote the letter column to a single topic. At the urging of several friends, we are reprinting an article that deeply moved us and everyone who has read it. We consider comic art to be a powerful storytelling medium, and it is always our hope that we are able to bring something to readers that is available in no other medium. However, the words from Sarajevo published here brought us face-to-face with the power comics have to carry readers away from their daily lives into a world shared with other readers around the world in a way that nothing else ever has. We are grateful to Ervin Rustemajic for sharing this with Denis Kitchen and with the readers of *XenoZoo Tales* and, with the completion of the recent elections in Bosnia, it is with hope for peace in that war-torn country that we share Ervin's letter and the words of the late Karim Zaimovic with you.

Strip Art Features
by Ervin Rustemajic
May 2, 1996

Dear Denis:

You will probably remember that I told you in Angoulême about our newly appointed Editorial Director Karim Zaimovic, twenty-four, who has been killed in Sarajevo by a shell in August 1995. Before he died, Karim published an article on *XenoZoo Tales*, a poem set in an English translation of that article, remember? It was so short I promised to do that for me. It was longer than most poems we've ever terribly busy. So, only a few days ago one of my collaborators managed to do that translation, which you will find enclosed.

For your information, our editors have an *XenoZoo* book which will be put in *Sci-Fi* in October this year by Dark Horse, dedicated to Karim.

Res. Regards,
Ervin Rustemajic

XENOZOIC TALES

First, let me explain why XenoZoo Tales? Because it's war in Bosnia, here in Sarajevo.

This explanation should get your attention in the following text. I will give myself the liberty to do something I believe I've never done in any of my other pieces: I will come to a conclusion, I will tell you a personal story about the war in Bosnia.

Well, there was a war going on in that October 1993. And you know, in the end, I'm not sure I was trying to discover if I was a war or a love comic. It was I used to love the war comic, 1992 when I swore my everlasting, and presumably mutual, loyalty. Night in night, not dead to the detonations of the exploding shells. I was living in a room in my night car every night, my army training in the former Yugoslav Army (JNA). Under the candlelight, I was meditating over a large pile of comics that I collected over my time. I was reading them over a large pile of comics, one page after page, or just one page, examining the little squares with pictures scattered over the page until I was, well, my sleep. I was searching for something inside, some deeper meaning, something that escaped my attention, but something I was forgetting or neglecting something that was, being back the sweet news of prewar readings, something that would put me back into the world.

However, didn't even anymore. Not for me anyway. Comics, news, empty. Days in my life became sterile and ridiculous. Every day is a life, an

empty strip. Morbidity, philosophy more about than waiting in line for water over four hours, and heaps of Marvels and DCs, some just pictures or ribbons that were printed by some frustrated cretins who I never even seen somebody's hood, not to mention let it on their own hands. And, so I was searching, less and less. From the real life situation, the interior, the comics went back to their place under the window. I am not a comic artist.

And then in October, for the first time since the beginning of the war, I held in my hands a brand new comic strip. It was *Dinosaur Shaman*, Schultz' new strip from the *XenoZoo* series, and it was in English. I arrived from Canada, from a friend who, I've never seen. Man, have you away, but he is one of the best I've found a friend. There is a difference between finding and running away. That was our first contact after a very long time. At the moment when he found out my address in Zagreb, he was in a hurry and didn't have anything else in his hands but this comic strip.

He said that, "I'm working on a dozen paintings in the theme of Schultz' creation for a certain film studio" which was preparing to broadcast a series of cartoons. Those who know him will know who I'm talking of.

The album arrived at Zagreb first. Then a very funny woman from UNHCR, United Nations High Commission on Refugees, she is from Iran and she always is very tired, but the good faith, she brought it to me. On the very outskirts of Sarajevo, she was stopped by Chetniks. They went through her luggage, searching for weapons, she could be smuggling for us. Ustasha Mujahedines. There weren't any arms in it, they did find the *Dinosaur Shaman*. Naturally, they ripped open the envelope. Then they examined the pages as if they were looking for secret codes. Well, at least they're armed. At the end, so I arrived in Sarajevo to me.

For several days after I arrived, I didn't even want to touch it. To me, it was so strong, I admit now I had a false impression of it. I saw, I was expecting something else. A Miller, a Moebius, something colorful, some sophisticated action master and not just a black and white comic strip that reminded me of old Flash Gordon. Besides, I was certain I could see some fingerprints on the cover. Chetniks' fingerprints from their filthy fingers, the same fingers that grease their automatic guns, the same guns that I've shells in my eyes every day. I need to read comics at all. Anyway, it happened around that time that a friend of mine stopped by for a cup of coffee. This was a man from the US, defense one—the famous voiceover, pickmate for a member of the Bosnian special police unit under a command

of Dragon Vitor. He saw the album and liked it immediately. I lent it to him, probably hoping that I would never see it again.

That happened on Tuesday. On Saturday he was wounded. The wound was precious, but he survived. As soon as it was allowed, I visited him at the hospital. There, he returned me the *Dinosaur Shaman*. The cover was torn, with rages and Jack and Hannah Dundee gazing live volcanoes at the horizon. Was now covered with his blood. His blood. Afterwards, he talked about the strip with the enthusiasm. I despised the idea, because I thought I wasn't able to experience it anymore. He talked about the beauty of *Dinosaur Shaman*, about Schultz' unusual iconography, about his powerful illustrations, about the strange force which came out from these pages and made him go nuts right there on the first line, transforming him into Jack Terence that would to shoot down four bearded dinosaurs. Absent-minded I was nodding and mumbling words like "Yeah, sure," letting my depraved Mr. Hyde of a critic get the better of me, telling him how this guy doesn't have a clue and all this is just simple babble. At the end, just when I was about to leave him, he apologized for having taken the album to the front line and for reading it when the sniper bullet got him and for bleeding on the cover. At least, he said, I was determined to save it. Not because I knew how you liked comics, but because this one was too good to be left behind at the mud.

Well, screw it. At that point I broke down. Still, inside the hospital grounds, just outside the building he used to live in, I found the first concrete holder that was used to hold a wooden bench. All wood was taken for the heating fuel a long time ago, and so there for the next two hours, feeding myself with the album and with a five-German marks worth pack of Drina no-filter cigarettes. This time I wasn't just staring, nor did I fall asleep. This time I found everything I was looking for. First in Schultz' strip and then slowly in every other one, whether it was old or new.

That's why *XenoZoo Tales*. Because I wanted to write something about him and it couldn't and shouldn't have been done any other way. I don't care how pathetic, boring, egotistic, made up, unnecessary, poorly-written or confusing my story strikes you. It is probably all of these things. However, a few days ago I watched a movie. I missed the first ten minutes so I don't know the title [Waterland]. In any case, Jeremy Irons plays an alcoholic teacher who talks to his students about his childhood, his first love, and about growing up in a little English coastal village in the middle of nowhere. The students think of him as worn out, a bit nutty, and a totally boring man. Just one child can truly understand him. At the end of the film, Irons explains to them about history. He says something like, "History is one horrible thing after another and the only way we can find it tolerable is when we look at it as a collection of stories, stories we lived through or heard of. As long as they are stories we can understand history and learn from it. That's the only way."

And comic strips are the art of telling stories. That's why the *XenoZoo Tales* by Mark Schultz is a very, very good comic strip.

At the beginning of this article I wrote that the preface was personal. I didn't lie. All this article is but one long preface, a preface to your reading of *XenoZoo Tales*. Pure provocation. And if you think it's not enough, then put this paper aside and go to see *Josipa Perkovic*. You don't deserve any better.

-Karim Zaimovic

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—Chris Staros, *The Staros Report*



TALES WITH TEETH



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The Family Business

HOO-HAH!

THAT'S THE ... LEMME
THINK ... **TWELFTH** ADULT
WONMUG WE'VE BAGGED
THIS MONTH! PLUS ALL
THE OFFSPRING ...
THAT'S ONE BIG MESSA
SLITHER ORGANS, VICE!

I GUESS IT'S ABOUT
TIME WE TOOK A
TRIP TO MARKET.

WE'RE
GONNA
BE RICH!

Steve
Stiles

THIS HAS BEEN OUR
MOST PROFITABLE
HUNTING TRIP YET!

YEAH ... WITH
JACK TENREC
GONE WE
BEEN ABLE
TO SCRATCH
OUT A DECENT
LIVING.

@!!*#!!
TENREC!

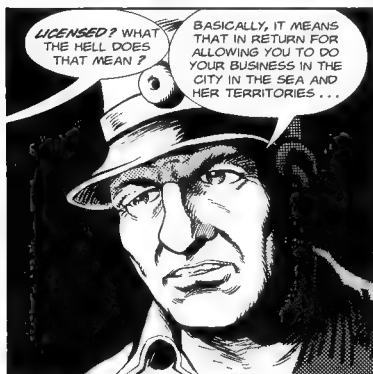
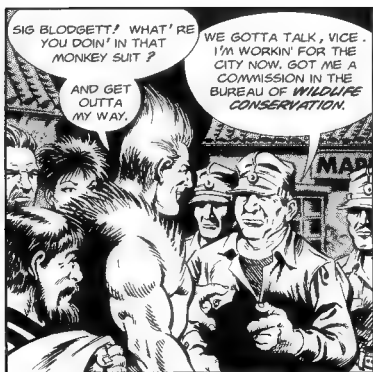
NOW, VICE,
DON'T GET
YOURSELF ...

TOO LATE, MIKLA.
I ALREADY DONE
GOT MYSELF ALL
WORKED UP.

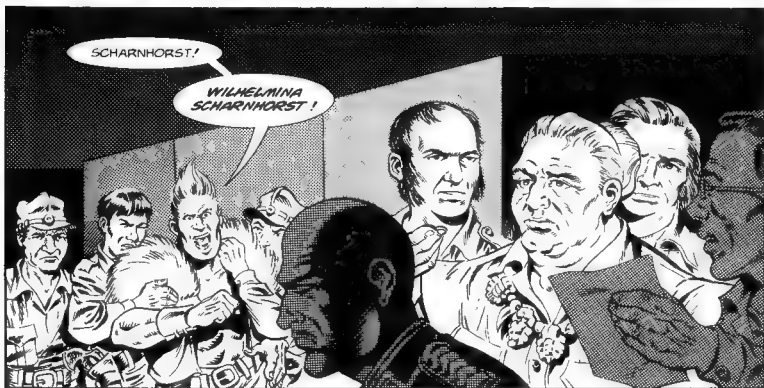
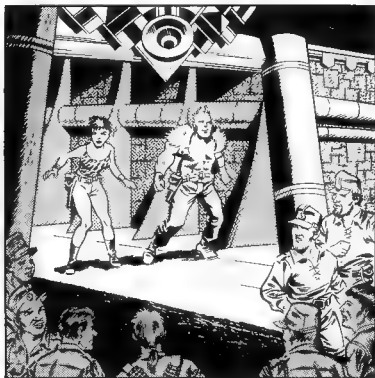
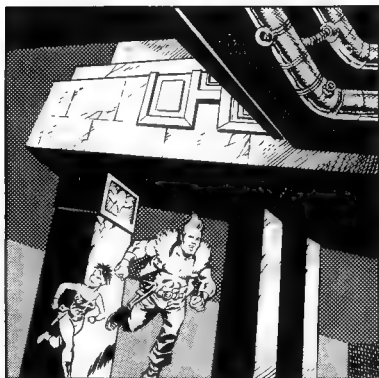
WHEN I THINK OF
ALL THE GRIEF THAT
SWELL-HEADED,
SLITHER-KISSIN'
SCUMSUCKER
CAUSED MY
FAMILY ...



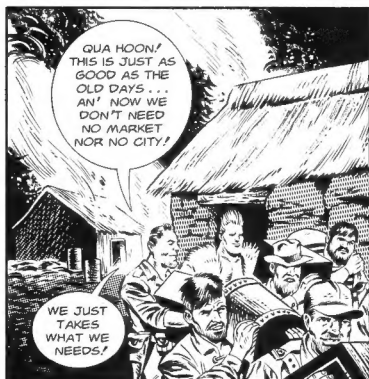












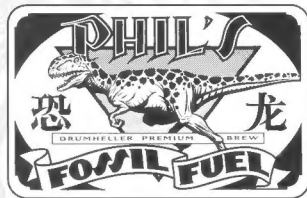
FROM A TO XENO

Did I really suggest, in this very column last issue, that I would have a new issue out in 1995? Naw . . . I couldn't have . . . no way could I be that unrealistic. Even if I *did*, no reader—certainly no veteran reader—would ever take my scheduling forecasts seriously . . . would they? I hope not!

Nevertheless, a big thank-you to each and every one who waited out the epochal gulf between this issue and the last . . . and a welcome aboard to all new readers!

Onward: Notice our grith? With this issue, *XT* expands its width by 3/8 of an inch. That may not seem like much, but this approximation of "silver age" dimensions allows us to print the interior art at a significantly larger size. Compare and contrast with previous issues and we're sure you'll agree: *Xenozoic Tales* is always working to bring you more value for your entertainment dollar!

"**Another Swarms**" dinosaur du jour, the shrike (or, as we would call him today, *Monolophosaurus jiangi*) makes his comic-book debut here. Paleontologist Philip Currie, the world's foremost expert on theropod dinosaurs, excavated *Monolophosaurus* (say it ten times, quickly) in China in 1984. Dr. Currie also happens to be a home zymurgist. Having partaken of his excellent brew, I, ever the fanboy, volunteered to create a label for him to use on his bottles. He agreed, asking only that Mono-et-cetera decorate the logo. Thus, below, my first drawing of this stylishly crested carnosaur. Spots, as always, courtesy of Al Williamson.



Currie, of course, operates out of the wonderful Royal Tyrrell Museum of Paleontology, an institution which observant readers have no doubt noticed I love to promote. This issue's plug: check out the Tyrrell on the web at <http://tyrrell.mcgill.ca>. Virtually tour the museum! Check out new exhibits! Consider field dig participation programs!

As long as we're in the neighborhood, thanks and a tip of the carapace to Friend of Wassoon Michael Ryan for helping me develop "Another Swarms" other guest creature, the harvestman. There are, of course, very good physical reasons why twenty-five-foot exoskeletoned entities don't really exist in our world, but Paleo Michael came up with

some pretty righteous semiplausible speculations on how one *might* be engineered if one did exist. Someday, somewhere, we'll be printing this background information and my model sheets for the daddy-longlegs from the center of the earth. You didn't think the grith were the only things down there . . .

More stuff to check out: having myself developed an allegiance to the many aesthetic advantages inherent in black and white comics, I always love it when I find a fellow cartoonist exploring the great potential of b&w. Not unlike film, the elements of composition, texture, and lighting tend to become much more inventive, more subtle, when they don't have to compete with color. I'm probably preaching to the converted here, but just in case you haven't seen them, let me recommend the following recent works of monochromatic splendor:

Of course, high on my list is Steve Bissette's *Tyrant* (SpiderBaby Graphix), which chronicles the life history of a tyrannosaurus rex in stories featuring gorgeously rendered Cretaceous environments. Steve gets the details right. I know—I've seen him in full investigatory swing at the Society of Vertebrate Paleontology convention. Not that he lets the facts interfere with the dramatics. Great storytelling! (I suspect issue no. 5 will appear in the near future.)

Charles Dess's *Book of Ballads and Sagas* (Green Man Press) features Charles's exquisite pen renderings of Scottish folklore and legend. This is not the kind of material I would ever have *thought* would make for compelling comics, but the power of Charles's sequential storytelling coupled with the time-tested allure of the source stories make for one emotionally involving read. And lovers of classic illustration will appreciate the technique and nuance Charles brings to his b&w work. Look for issue no. 4 in December!

Anyone who missed Carol Lay's *Joy Ride* (Kitchen Sink Press) when it was published early this year should immediately slam on their brakes, go full reverse, and track down this wonderful collection of Carol's syndicated *Story Minutes* and the longer story of the title. Working in her graphically brilliant neo-bigfoot style, Carol's tales are alternately hilarious and touching and—bonus here—*Joy Ride* is great science fiction! Carol seems endlessly inventive, and draws the best overbites in the business.

Next issue: Jack and Hannah return to the great outdoors when, along with Balclutha, they lead an expeditionary force from Wassoon into the Great Carboniferous Swamp. And who lives in the Great Carboniferous Swamp? Does anyone remember Fessenden? Scharnhorst does. Also featuring the grith, sexual tension and—surprise!—a dinosaur or two.

Page 19 of "Another Swarm" is for Willis O'Brien and Ray Harryhausen . . . **Patti Smith** is still champ . . . **See you "soon"** . . .



XENOZOIC



FINE ARTS



V99

"The New World"

Poster and Print featuring the cover artwork to *Xenozoic Tales* #14.

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Deluxe, limited-edition portfolio in hand-crafted case.

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